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FORGING THE SWORD.

The press dispatches yesterday said that Madura's soldiers were marching across the line as fast as possible seeking jobs on the railroads. In the history of the world when a great war ended, the particular bird of that time sat him down and perpetrated a few jingling verses on the sword being forged into a plough-share or something of the sort, and it made a great hit.

But times have changed. When we go to war in these hateful days we don't rip up the old plough that father used to push and beat it into a scabbard. We go to the nearest point and enlist. A uniform is handed out together with a long range rifle and a pocketfull of smokeless shells with steel barrels. After drilling around for a few months we are off, and if the typhus fever, smallpox and half-cooked beans are kind to us we generally land on a pension roll and "The United Veterans" of something or other.

That has been pretty much the war experience of the young American since the days of the last great struggle when real war was prevalent, when men died by the rank toll from bullets or strangled home at the end to restore ruined farms and search for lost families in a poverty-stricken land.

The recent little escapade in Mexico has been won on that basis but on a pigmy scale. There have never been many soldiers engaged on either side but all have suffered hardships of real war, with little to eat, not enough clothing and frequently a dearth of water and ammunition to keep up the fight.

There is nothing remarkable in the fact that these embryo soldiers are glad to lay down the musket and take up the pick and shovel. After wandering around over an absolute desert, taking pot shots at each other, tramped behind rocks and embankments and not getting anywhere in particular, as war goes, they have no need of a bard to sing about forging their swords into ploughshares.

A handbar and a scythe or two of the old Santa Fe, with plenty of raw weeds to chop out, spikes to drive home and a bunk car with salt bacon and beans, must indeed look like real money from home to them.

The few adventurous Americans who went across the line, figuring out that the war over there would be something like a hike with Uncle Sam's grub and ammunition box behind them, are about the happiest of the aggregation to again be "touring a job."

Bards may sing and poets may write, but after all a bummer and a section hog make fairly happy substitutes for a lot of ragged clothing, a desert land and a war in which there is neither hope of victory or honor.

Apparently the insurrection in Mexico, like the numberless affairs in the South American Republics, has just fizzled out and the high private in the sole rank lacking not enough of it will soon be shooting under on the easiest-way when in general.

A DIFFERENCE IN GUNS.

The Santa Fe New Mexican goes off at a tangent over the number of killings that have taken place in New Mexico recently. The New Mexican is right in one respect and that is that those killings should be stopped. In comparing these affairs with other countries of the mid-world, however, the New Mexican overlooks one important object. In New Mexico only the most deadly firearms are on the market. The fusils, loading pieces and weapons which are usually sold in France, Germany, England and other European countries are but poor makeshifts as weapons. To kill a man with one of them it is necessary to pull the muzzle nearer his head. As I always knew it takes a good shot to kill a maverick jack with one of those so-called shooting weapons. In this country the .45 six-shooter or the still more deadly automatic are the common weapons. In the rifle line a .30-06 saddle gun is about the smallest. The old-fashioned shotgun, loaded with slugs, will blow the side out of a barn and a lesser weapon is hard to find among the frontier class of people on our

COMMENTS BY THE EDITORS

ARIZONA COMES OUT FOR NIGHT SHIRT TOO.

Any sort of living is contemptible, a nightshirt is more useful than the uniform of a general.—Arizona Mail.

SIGHTLY FEM PHONES IN USE OUT THERE.

Heres a telephone and you will be interested with some of the best homes in the city.—Arizona Mail.

ALBUQUERQUE IS THE LOGICAL PLACE, HOWEVER.

What has happened in the vicinity of Douglas during the last week should make the necessity for the location of a large military post on the Mexican border very apparent to the United States war department.—Douglas International.

MORE TROUBLES FOR THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Buffalo Bill has abandoned his camp for winter from Arizona and will take his show to England. The next thing we hear of him he will be arranging to enter the house of lords.—Tomahawk Prospector.

ARIZONA LANDS THAT COME AWFULLY HIGH.

In Douglas a young man under 21 years of age found out he could not make a honest living on the land he owned, but that he could if he was the head of a family. He promptly got married and then filed an patent of land. This seems to be a maximum incident in the present rush for Arizona land.—Tomahawk Prospector.

PERHAPS THAT'S WHY THEY STAY AT HOME.

Young men are so blind to their future interests that they never admire the girl at a picnic who stands and helps the old. Solas claim up the dishes and repeat the joculars as much as they admire the singing girl who wades off as soon as she has had all she can eat.—Times Standard.

IT'S LUCKY HE DIDN'T OPEN IT.

It is felt at Saalfeld, a village in the grand lodge of cold Fellow, situated at the Klinke House Building right with a brand new suit case which looked so much like the one he started from Saalfeld with, that he was inclined to think it was his own but it had been for the fact that he couldn't open it. He had to sleep Monday night with pajamas and his clothes were all mussed up. Tuesday, he failed to borrow Charles Wilder's brush and comb.—Arizona Standard.

AT CANDLE LIGHTIN' TIME.

When I come in from the candle lightin' we an' all day.

It's enough time to fill my supper all them we was.

An' it's nice to smell de coffee humblig' evah in de pot.

An' it's fine to see de meat aspicin'.

Askin' us an' us.

But when supper time is evah an' de things is cleaned away.

Den de hairy hours dat toller ate de sweets of de day.

When my cimino pipe is started, an' de smoke is drawn prime.

Me ol' man says, "I reckon like it's candle lightin' time."

Den de children snuggle up to me an' all commin' to call.

"Oh say, dad, now it's time to make de shoulders on de wall."

So I puts on my ban's taglin', evah daddy knows de way.

An' de children snuggle closer round evah I begin to say.

Put things byan' come Mistah Robbin' an' den you see son work his ears.

Huh, up! dis morn' se a donkey—look how innocent he posst!

Dad's de old black swan a-gwimmin'—ain't she got a awful neck?

Whate dis fell? dat's a-cimint? Why, dat's old dog, Tray, I s'pose."

Den's de way I run on, tryin' fu to please them all I can.

Den I hollers, "Now, be keerful, dis hyacin' las'!" de long man.

"An' de rums an' inde de, tasse, dey ain't skinned—that's lettin' on,

but de paxx ain't really evah till dat bango-man is gone."

So I jes' takes up my bango an' I plays a little chime.

An' you see dem halds come mepin' out to listen mighty soon.

Den my wife says, "S'pose a parry for to give you such a fright?"

Ies' you go to bald, an' leave him.

Say your' prayers an' say good-night.

—Polit Lawrence Dunbar.

A RECEPTION IN TAOS UP TO DATE

THE FLY

How to Kill and Prevent the Breeding of Menace to Public Health.

Taos Valley, New Mexico
In ten days more, the insect court will be in session and the friends from the outside will not be again seen. So far as appears at present there is nothing especial planned with which to amuse them, nor name the interior of their out-of-door scenes of private life who come from Santa Fe. We will feel greatly the change from the gay hum of society which pervades the atmosphere of the capital town, and the throngs that crowd the street there will be moved here, and the purity of Taos will seem strange after breathing the heavy and unattractive political air that infects our southern neighbor. The folks who come from Raton will miss the daily demands for aid for statehood that Cutler gives through the columns of the Range and Las Vegas visitors will find nothing as exciting as the abduction drama as the life brought out at the Meadow.

Last year we attempted to attract our friends from abroad with an Indian war, but it was not the court and some of the attendees to such an extent that they almost set the saloons here, put up in the more head columns of city papers and frightened the wife out of relatives of the sodas and impossible cases so that they dreamt of dropping mines and forearm war down to the Indians. It would be difficult to stage anything as tragic as the performance of last year.

We might give the court and visiting attorneys a pale try. Helen will be all the vogue and that would be less interesting than the Helobles they thought they got last year. We would have the Kit Carson band play for them, only they might think that it was another evening being started and stop court. We must bind them something lady-like and respectable; something that would not jar on their sensibilities or distract their heart action. Anyone who has any suggestions that tend toward a mild and pleasant entertainment may offer them, and they will be published.

The coming term of court will dispose of some important cases, and with the list of jurors drawn, the result should be in accordance with justice and fairness. The person in charge of the court will see a little change. Judge McPhee will again preside as judge. Prosecuting Attorney Abbott, who was absent last year will probably appear in his judicial capacity and Edwin L. Saalfield will be in the position of clerk in the place of Frank Sherman, whose sudden death occurred last fall.

The term of court will probably last about two weeks, the \$3,000 available being about sufficient for that length of term.

BLIND WILL "SEE" OLD GLORY

Hundreds of New York men, women and children, save the New York Evening Mail, are to see the American flag for the first time, when President Taft formally opens the big diamond-shaped exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum last year will probably appear in his judicial capacity and Edwin L. Saalfield will be in the position of clerk in the place of Frank Sherman, whose sudden death occurred last fall.

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Suppose we have at least one window on the sunny side of the shade and have it screened with durable wire net. The flies, as they hatch, will swarm to this window, and by the usual guide stripes we may lead them into an opening near the top into a trap. Then, too, the odor of this window will attract the flies which are seeking a place to lay eggs. If we shoot them out they will scatter and find some other place in which to lay their eggs. By means of guide stripes on the outside of the screen invite them in—into another trap—we thus catch them "coming and going."

Finally, poisoning has long been used as an indoor measure. Why not carry the war into the insects' territory at every point? Formalin, the common germicide, is now recommended as the best poison to use. A good sized bottle is filled with a 2 per cent solution (two teaspoonfuls to half a pint of water) a saucer placed over it and the shade inverted. A stick is broken in the mouth of the bottle, or it may be set up on a bit of candle so that the liquid will partially fill the saucer, and a small slice of bread covered with sugar is placed on one side as an added attraction. Both bottle and saucer may be mounted in a wooden or wire bracket so that it may be hung in any sunny corner about the stable or porch, or with a little shelf tucked in place, the bottle may be simply leaned up in a corner. During hot, dry weather, with no other water near, this device will cover the back porch or stable floor with flies that will never lay eggs any more.

A pair of flies beginning to breed early in April, if all flies might be the progenitors of 191,010,000,000,000,000,000 by August. The first nation or community in which this degree of civic intelligence is attained will be free from flies from that time on, and we need to develop this intelligence with reference to a good many other natural enemies.

In response to a request that they allow the blind of New York the opportunity to "see" the flag, the director answered that Perkins would send its complete collection for the blind, and would display them in such a way that every blind visitor to the exhibition would be able to study them and so "see" them with their fingers.

For all the blind who have heard of the coming of the flag none has expressed deeper joy over the prospect of "seeing" it than the little sightless children in the public schools of New York.

"My hero dies in the middle of my latest novel," said the young author. "That's a grave mistake," replied the editor. "He should not die before the reader does."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Planned your summer vacation yet?"

"No, I'm waiting until I learn what friends of mine are to have summer cottages. Then I'll begin to hint for invitations."—Detroit Free Press.

DON'T GIVE A DAM!

DON'T GIVE A DAM! is the cry of the members of both the Knockers and the Hammer & Padlock Clubs to the efforts of Uncle Sam in his reclamation service.

We are not members of either club and DO give a dam about the manner in which

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